

## THE DAUGHTER OF THE DARK.

"Oh! master, what shall we do? and missus bad, and all the lights of London out, and all the trains stopped!"

"Hush, hush, hush, my good girl! I'll make it all right. I'll call a cab. We shall go home by cab." He then goes out of the station into the roadway. He puts his hands to his mouth trumpetwise and shouts:

"Hansom—Fourwheeler." There is not a soul in view, not a footfall in his ears. "My God!" he cries, "I have forgotten the cabs have struck too!"

"Oh! master, what will become of us? Can't we take the bus or tram?"

"Girl, they have all struck—all the men who drive for hire in London. Come, there is nothing for it but to walk."

"Oh! we shall never get home," cries the girl, "and missus will be dead of fright. Couldn't you send a message to her, sir? Couldn't you send a telegram? We can't be home for better than an hour. She'll be dead with fright."

He pauses to think a moment; he puts his hand to his head again, and tries to think. At length he whispers in the girl's ear:

"No, I can't telegraph; I'm not sure that the Camerwell office is open so late; anyway, there's no one in any telegraph office in London now. They, like the engine-drivers and cab-drivers, are all gone too. Come let us walk."

The girl moans and clings to him, and they walk on towards Blackfriars Bridge. He is uneasy, and she is weak from terror; as they enter upon the bridge she feels it will take them hours to get home. She is afraid to leave him, and yet, in her faithful pity for the wife of the man, she would risk anything to send news of him to her.

"Master, couldn't we get some one to run on and say we are safe? It would be so good for missus to know; then we could take our time and go home at our ease."

He has forgotten his own precautions about the candles. He sees something in what she says. But where are they to get a messenger? The place is quite deserted; they are now about half-way over the bridge. He hears men talking across the way; he can not see any one, but he hears the voices. He tells her to wait where she is, and he will try to get a messenger among the men over the way.

He crosses, and finds three men in one of the recesses. They are close together. "Will one of you run out to my place in Shakespeare Road, Herne Hill, as fast as you can, with a message?"

"How much will you give?" asks a gruff, harsh voice.

"Half-a-crown."

"Not good enough; we're on strike too, ain't we, pals?" This evidently regarded as a fine stroke of wit, for all laugh loudly. That laugh tears harshly through the mortal stillness of the hour. There is no sound of vehicle, or of steam-engine, or of footsteps; nothing disturbs the muffling pall of silence but the lapping river on the Surrey shore, the faint, weird whispers the water makes around the piers of the bridge, and this odious laugh of three unseen men.

"Well, a half-sovereign if you do it in three-quarters of an hour," answers Michael Grame, who, considering all he has done for men, thinks it hard that he should be obliged to haggle with them as to price.

"Show us the time and your money," says the biggest of the three men. Michael Grame can now see the outline of the upper portions of the figures of the three men against the sky.

"Here are wax matches," says Michael Grame; "strike one."

One of the men, not the tallest, strikes a match, and, shading it in his hat, holds it inside the parapet. Michael Grame pulls the bag out of his trousers pocket, opens it, pours the gold into his hand; and, having selected half-a-sovereign, returns the rest of the gold to the bag, and then the bag to his pocket. Holding up the half-sovereign between his finger and thumb in the light of the match, he says:

"Will that satisfy you? Now I shall show you the time."

"Thank you," said the tallest of the three men, taking the half-sovereign; "this will do on no account; but we'll find the time ourselves. We're on strike too—the match is out—that's a specimen of our strike."

Michael Grame reels beneath a blow, and suffocates beneath the pressure of an arm drawn violently around his neck. He feels a tug at his watch-chain and a tear at the pocket where he has put the gold; then he becomes unconscious.

"He ain't dead?"

"No."

"What'll we do with him?"

"Shy him over. He don't deserve to live. Took us for honest working men, damned if he didn't! Shy him over, I say. He took us for honest working men, so I say he don't deserve to live, and shy him over."

"Give him one chance—shy him clear of the bridge."

"Well, I'm agreeable. One chance. Shy him clear. One, two, three—now!"

"Oh master! Oh master!"

"There's a woman over there. Let's run."

Next day, Saturday, the "Evening Standard" had the longest and best accounts of the events of the previous eighteen hours. The following is a condensation of the newspaper description:

Obdient to a secret plan of long standing, at midnight yesterday the greatest strike London has ever known commenced. Beyond some vague hints in a contemporary, the public knew nothing of the impending calamity until the gas of all the city suddenly went out a few minutes past twelve o'clock. Alarmed by this terrible event, people rushed from their houses to learn the cause and seek an explanation. They were met by news that may fairly be said to have paralyzed the stoutest hearts. The facts were briefly these:

An arrangement had been come to between the Independent Metropolitan Engine Drivers' Association, the London Gasworkers' Society, the Universal London

Horse Drivers' Association, the Postal Telegraph Hand-in-hand Amalgamation, the River Craft Union, and the Wapping Institute for the Protection of Seafaring Men, that each and all of these would at twelve o'clock, midnight, on the second of November, strike without making any previous notification of their resolution to their employers. At the time appointed this fearful conception was carried into effect. It was the intention of the working men, or rather a small portion of their leaders, carried away by the eloquence and persuasion of one man, to aim forcibly by this means at their employers, and at the same time to place before the general public in a most powerful way the importance of the working man. The result was that from midnight last night until this hour of writing, two p. m., London has been almost wholly deprived of artificial light, of the means of communication with any other portions of the empire or the continent, and of all internal vehicular locomotion.

It is but just to the working men to say that, notwithstanding their awful responsibility in producing such a terrible situation, they have in no way added to the confusion arising from their criminal rashness. But no sooner did the state of things become generally known last night, than Rapine awoke and shook himself, and stalked forth in the dark deserted ways and did such deeds as will make the readers of later generations shudder. Howls, and shrieks and yells and cursing and piteous prayers broke the quiet hours. Men and women thought of the day of Judgment was at hand, and the wrath of Heaven had been let loose; then they fell upon their knees in prayer. Later on, discovering it was only the vices of man that had been punished, they abandoned their prayers, rose from their knees, and gave up all thought of finding mercy, and surrendered themselves to despair.

Elsewhere we give a catalogue of some of the awful deeds hidden beneath the darkness of last night and revealed by the light of to-day. For a considerable time to come many of the deeds, many of the foulest and most undreamable, will never be made public. They have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of that night's saturnalia of crime.

It was, we understand, the intention of the men who struck to hold out for a week, but already they stand appalled and humbled under the shadow of their awful deed. We have it upon excellent authority that at four o'clock this afternoon all the men will once more return to work and relieve the city from its enforced separation from the rest of civilization, and deliver it from the tyranny of the prodigious monster made absolute king of London when the Light went out.

In a later edition the "Standard" publishes this under date 5 p. m.:

All the men have returned to work. The wires are once more busy. The siege of London from within is at an end. The blockade is raised. No such "Te Deum" ever arose to Heaven as will ascend from this city to-night when it kneels to pray in the white-curtained nurseries of its unpolluted homes.

"Who is that?"  
"It is I, Michael."  
"Is that June Iford?"  
"Yes. I am come to take you home, Michael. The doctor says you are strong enough to go now, and I have a cab waiting for you."

"How are Helen, and—our daughter?"  
"Well. They are both getting on nicely. Helen was sitting up as I came for you."

"Take my hand and lead me. You know you must lead me now."

She takes her brother-in-law by the hand, draws his arm within hers, leads him down the passage between the beds, down the stairs, and out through the hall to the open air. A cab stands waiting for them at the hospital door. It is the afternoon of Saturday, the tenth of November.

They drive quietly through the busy streets to Shakespeare Road. Although he is discharged from the hospital, he is still very feeble. The injuries he received on the bridge, the terrible shock sustained by him when he was flung over, and his long immersion before he was picked up by the passing coal-barge, all have shattered and weakened him. He wears no spectacles now.

At last they arrive, and he is led by his sister-in-law into the room where his wife lies. She is propped up to receive him. Across her lap rests their child, a week old.

The wife puts her arms around her husband's neck and kisses him, and smiles, and says after a little pause:

"Won't you kiss our daughter?"

He raises him self and says:

"Place her in my arms."

"Take her." The mother lifts up the infant.

"Place her in my arms, Helen. Men ill-used me on the bridge that night, and now this one has gone, too—he touches his left eye with his hand."

"She was born, sir, in the middle of the Great Dark," says the nurse, laying the sleeping infant across the blind father's arms.

He stoops and kisses the child, then hands the child back to the mother saying, sadly:

"She was born in the middle of the Great Dark I made thinking brighter light would come out of the darkness for those I loved. She was born in the beginning of this Great Dark that was made for me when the lights were out. Almighty Maker of the darkness and the light, forgive me, and let me have light to see her and all of these—in the Hereafter!"

THE END.

Mrs. Eaton knew during the last few days of her illness that life was at an end for her, and waited very quietly and calmly for death. "It is a beautiful world to leave," she said, looking out at the sunshine the day before she died. "I am not afraid to die, but it is such a beautiful world!" In answer to a suggestion of something that should be done on the morrow, she said, "Not to-morrow; I shall be here only a little while to-morrow." The nearest relative whom Mrs. Eaton leaves is her daughter, the beautiful Virginia Timberlake, now the Duchesse de Sampaio, of Paris, and the mother-in-law of one of the Rothschilds.

Simon Burlingame has taken a fifth wife to his home at Ripon, Wis. Three of her predecessors died at yearly intervals and were buried side by side, with tombstones to match. The fourth died, affrighted by the first attack of illness, and would not return, thus giving her husband legal ground for divorce. The fifth is as yet undivided.

## A KICKING MATCH.

A Noble Sport Which Has Been Introduced From England.

(Reading, Pa., Eagle.)

A Cornish miner named David T. Davis boasted in a Shenandoah bar room that he could out "pur" any man in America. "Purring" is an English sport, and means kicking an opponent on the legs. Davis' boasts were taken up by an English miner named Thomas Proudfit, and each man made a deposit of \$10 as a forfeit in case either should not come to time. The match was made for \$25 a side, and was to come off in a bar room of a mutual friend. Davis has some reputation as a "purrier" wrestler and boxer, but until this affair Proudfit was unknown among the "fancy." The original amount of the bet was raised to \$50 a side. At 9 o'clock at night the principals and about thirty friends went to a bar room, and for a trifling consideration paid to the proprietor, the doors were closed, and preparations for the match began. The room in which the affair took place is of ordinary size, but in order to economize space about one-half of the spectators were told to take seats on the bar, and the others stowed themselves into corners and out-of-the-way places. The men removed all their clothing except their trousers. The referee then gave to each man a pair of bran new breeches, into which their feet were thrust. Proudfit wore woolen, and Davis cotton stockings.

The men then shook hands, and Proudfit cheerfully inquired, "Be ye ready, lad?" "Aye, man," answered Davis, and the "purring" began. Although not described by Hove, there are regular rules for "purring," but they are simple and easily understood. The rules in this match were that no "pur" or kick should be made at an opponent while he was down, that a kick above the knees was foul, and entitled its recipient to the stakes, without further "purring," that nothing was to cover the legs but trousers, and that the hands should not be used to grapple or punch an opponent. The man who first cried, "Hold, enough," was, of course, defeated. Davis was much the larger man, but he was not nearly so agile as his opponent. For a few minutes both were extremely wary, and the time was spent in dancing about the room and feinting. At length Davis made a vicious kick at Proudfit, but it fell short, and before Davis got out of reach Proudfit administered two kicks or "purs" just below one of his opponent's knee-caps, which, by the way, is considered a particularly vulnerable point, as a series of kicks there soon lame a man. Davis retaliated by kicking Proudfit on the shin.

Then followed a rapid exchange of kicks, lasting about a minute, until Proudfit dodged out of reach. Both men were allowed a breathing spell of five minutes, and during it they examined their shins, which were bruised and bleeding. When time was called each man took a drink of whisky, and then the "purring" began again. Thirteen rounds were "purred," but they did not differ much from the one described, and at the end of the twelfth round Davis refused to toe the mark, and Proudfit was declared the winner. Davis wanted to retire after the tenth round, but the spectators hooted at him and called him a "duffer," and he came up twice more; but he received all the punishment without being able to give any in return. The last five rounds were brutal in the extreme, as both men were bleeding profusely, and the way they limped round to escape punishment was painful to witness. The less of both men, from their knees down, were covered with cuts and bruises, and the heavy corduroy pants they wore were kicked to ribbons.

When the match was decided Davis sank into a chair, thoroughly exhausted. Proudfit was so elated by his victory that he pleased the admiring spectators by dancing a jig with a tumbler of water on his head. The seconds then washed the legs of the "purriers," and covered the wounds with poultices of rotten apples, to prevent inflammation and allay pain. The prize money was handed over to Proudfit, who "set up" a keg of beer for the crowd. Davis was carried to his home, and Proudfit was not in much better condition. This is said to be the first "purring" match that has taken place in the neighborhood of Shenandoah since D. vis beat a noted "purrier" named Tom Bosley, in 1864 or 1865. Davis' defeat on Thursday night was unexpected, as he was known to be agile, game, and experienced.

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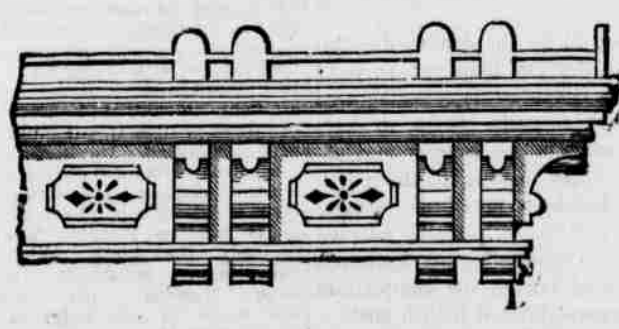
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## RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Corrected to Accord With City Time.

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY.		
Depot, corner McLean ave. and Genl street.		
Dep't	Arrive	City
Somerset Ex.	8:00 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
St. Sterling Ex.	8:00 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
Frankfort Ex.	8:00 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
Richmond via Lexington	8:00 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
Crab Orchard via Dan. Jun.	8:00 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
Lexington Ac.	4:00 p. m.	10:15 a. m.
Danville Ac.	4:00 p. m.	10:15 a. m.
Winchester Ac.	4:00 p. m.	10:15 a. m.

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

New York Ex. daily..... 12:38 p. m. 5:45 p. m.

New York Ex. daily..... 8:22 p. m. 5:45 a. m.

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Louisville Ex. daily..... 7:04 a. m. 8:04 p. m.

Louisville Ex. daily..... 3:14 p. m. 11:49 a. m.

Louisville daily..... 8:14 p. m. 4:14 a. m.

MARIETTA & CINCINNATI.

Depot, Plum and Pearl.

Parkersburg Ac..... 6:03 a. m. 8:38 p. m.

Hillsboro Ac..... 6:01 a. m. 8:36 p. m.

Parkersburg Ex. daily..... 8:23 a. m. 6:21 p. m.

Parkersburg Ex. daily..... 7:57 a. m. 6:21 p. m.

Chillicothe Ac..... 8:12 p. m. 9:08 a. m.

Hillsboro Ac..... 8:13 p. m. 9:08 a. m.

Loveland Ac..... 10:08 a. m. 4:48 a. m.

Loveland Ac..... 4:38 p. m. 7:44 a. m.

Loveland Ac..... 6:08 p. m. 2:18 p. m.

The 6:03 a. m. train connects for Portsmouth via Chillicothe. The 8:23 a. m. and 9:08 p. m. trains connect for Jackson and Portsmouth, via Haden.

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.

Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Baltimore Ex. daily..... 8:23 a. m. 6:23 p. m.

Baltimore Ex. daily..... 8:03 p. m. 6:28 a. m.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI.

Depot, Mill and Front.

St. Louis Fast Line..... 7:57 a. m. 7:57 a. m.

St. Louis Ex. daily..... 7:12 p. m. 7:27 a. m.

St. Louis Ex. daily..... 11:12 p. m. 9:32 p. m.

Saturday Mail..... 7:57 a. m. 7:57 a. m.

Cairo Mail..... 7:57 a. m. 7:57 a. m.

Cairo Ex..... 7:12 p. m. 7:27 a. m.

Evansville Mail..... 7:57 a. m. 7:57 a. m.

Evansville Ex..... 7:12 p. m. 7:27 a. m.

Kansas City Fast Line..... 7:57 a. m. 7:57 a. m.

Kansas City Ex..... 7:12 p. m. 7:27 a. m.

North Vernon Ac..... 7:12 a. m. 8:12 a. m.

Osceola Ac..... 8:12 p. m. 8:12 a. m.

Louisville Fast Line, d'y..... 7:57 a. m. 8:37 p. m.

Louisville Ex. daily..... 7:12 p. m. 12:17 p. m.

Louisville Night Ex. d'y..... 7:12 p. m. 7:27 a. m.

Shawnee Ex..... 7:12 p. m. 7:27 a. m.

Madison Accommodation..... 7:57 a. m. 12:17 p. m.